The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

NEWS TO TELL.

Neighbor, lend me your arm, for I am not well,
This wound you see is scarcely a fortnight old;
All for a sorry message I had to tell,
I've travelled many a mile in wet and cold.

Yon is the old gray chateau above the trees,
He bade me seek it, my comrade brave and gay;
Stately forest and river so brown and broad,
He showed me the scene as a-dying he lay.

I have been there, and, neighbor, I am not well;
I bore his sword and some of his curling hair.
Knocked at the gate and said I had news to tell,
Entered a chamber and saw his mother there.

Tall and straight, with the snows of age on her head,
Brave and stern as a soldier's mother might be,
Deep in her eyes a living look of the dead.
She grasped her staff and silently gazed at me.

I thought I had better be dead than meet her eye;
She guessed it all, I'd never a word to tell.
Taking the sword in her arms she heaved a sigh,
Clasping the curl in her hand she sobbed and fell.

I raised her up, she sate in a stately chair,
Her face like death, but not a tear in her eye;
We heard a step, and a tender voice on the stair
Murmuring soft to an infant's cooing cry.

My lady she sate erect, and sterner grew,
Finger on mouth she motioned me not to stay;
A girl came in, the wife of the dead. I knew
She held his babe, and, neighbor, I fled away!

I tried to run, but I heard the widow's cry.
Neighbor, I have been hurt and I am not well;
I pray to God that never until I die,
May I again have such sorry news to tell!

—*All the Year Round.*

FANNY.

When the summer sun was glowing,
And the ocean waves were still;
While the yellow grain was growing,
Ripe for harvest on the hill;
Then, from earth, dear Fanny parted,
And she left us broken hearted!

Merry larks and linnets springing,
On the dewy lawn and trees,
Blithe, in early morning, singing,
Now have lost their power to please;
Since, alas! dear Fanny left us,
And, of earthly joys, bereft us.

Clouds and darkness deeply thicken,
Oceans' raging billows roar,
And their tidal surges deepen,
Dash'd along the sounding shore;
But, the stilly, small voice telleth,
Fanny safe with Jesus dwelleth.

War's alarms and battles slaughter,
Proud, ambitious tyrants stain;
But the anguish of the martyr,
And the weary bondman's pain,
Jesus, meek, assumes and beareth,
And, for gentle Fanny careth.

Sweet, smiling spring shall oft renew
The vernal glories of the year;
And, with revolving seasons due,
Autumnal riches reappear;
But, changeless and forever blest,
Dear Fanny shall with Jesus rest.

J. E. COOLEY.

A FAREWELL.

The bow springs loose from the archer's hand,
When the spring is drawn too far;
So I spring loose from the iron band,
Which fain would my being mar.

I loved you? Yes! May you never feel
The worth of the heart you've lost;
May never your future life reveal,
How deeply your fate you've crossed!

I love you? No! No more! No more!
Stone dead in my breast Love lies;
And the frost of the hills is less calmly frore,
Than the white peace of his eyes.

Now leave me alone with my dead awhile,
'Till I bury it out of the day;
Then we must be quiet and speak, and smile,
As if Love had not passed away.

Am I not myself? And are you not You?
No slave, no child am I!
I loved you and gave you honor due,
But I kept my Liberty.

FLORENCE, 1860. MARY AYBAULT CRAIG.

Our Special Contributors.

KEEPING THE WOLF AWAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY BERTIE BRUCE.

CHAPTER II.

A night's rest refreshed our traveler so much that she arose in the morning, feeling comparatively cheerful, and prepared to make her first effort to find work and a permanent home. She would have been content to remain here, poor and mean as it was, but even that she could not afford, but she must hire rooms, furnish them with the few things she had retained, and keep house for herself. Mrs. Sidney and May could not save more than two or three dollars a week by this course, but those few paltry dollars would be probably all that stood between them and utter destitution.

One of her first acts was to inform her brother-in-law of her arrival and whereabouts. Then purchasing a morning paper, she closely scanned the columns of advertised rooms, set them down in her memorandum book, and started out. She found two rooms on the third floor of a small house, in a quiet street, at a reasonable rent, and engaged them.

During the afternoon, she received a call from her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Sidney, a silly little woman, for whom she had never had much feeling of any kind, and who, in calling, had been prompted more by a desire to acquit herself of blame than by a wish to convey to her desolate sister-in-law any expression of interest.

The meeting was cold and constrained on both sides; on that of Mrs. Sidney from wounded feeling, and a consciousness that she had been treated with undeserved coldness and unkindness by her husband's family, as the utmost stretch of malice could not hold her responsible for her misfortunes; on that of her sister-in-law, by a resentment always felt toward us by those who have injured us, for mild indeed, by comparison, is the hatred and rancor of the injured toward his injurer, to that felt by the latter for the former. So Mrs. James resented, as a personal affront, the cold and rather haughty demeanor of the other, and when, in reply to her formal invitation to call, Mrs. John coldly thanked her, without accepting, she felt she was quite justified in letting her alone for the future. That this was her husband's policy there could be no doubt, and Mrs. John felt intuitively that she, herself, had furnished them with the pretext they desired for totally ignoring her.

But she learned, during the interview, short as it was, that the Pattersons had returned to town on the same day on which she had arrived, and she now determined to remain at her boarding-house some days longer to give them time to call, nothing doubting that they would ascertain from her brother-in-law her stopping place, and seek her out. She could not persuade herself to call upon them first, as her motive would be liable to misconstruction, but she was prepared to receive them kindly, and to construe their evasion as a truthful statement of their intention of remaining longer in the country.

But day after day passed, until a week had rolled around, and still they came not, and she was forced to accept the bitter conclusion that by them also, she was to be ignored. So she delayed no longer, but paying her bill, took possession of her rooms.

Here she proceeded to make herself as comfortable as possible, and succeeded so far that the rooms, if not very elegant, were, at least, neat and home-like, and when May joined her they were almost cheerful.

The wounds received through her husband's family were deep, and rankled sorely at first, but it was not long before she gained philosophy to enable her to look upon them as salutary, and as blessings in disguise. She blamed severely her credulity, as her husband had frequently warned her that the Pattersons, at least, were selfish and mercenary; but she had always rejected his warnings with indignation as the utterance of a hardened man of the world, who trusted nobody. He was rather apt to be suspicious and distrustful of human kind, and this trait in him, one that she had always regretted, deprived his opinions and admonitions of their due weight. She, on the other hand, was too confiding where she loved; though possessing keen and true perceptions, she wilfully resisted their guidance in all cases where they conflicted with her desire to exercise charity.

When she found it painful to admit doubts of the perfection of her idols, she refused to admit them, though to one less blinded by affection, the evidences of falsehood or unworthiness might be very plain.

But she and May were accomplished needlewomen and operators, and as she had retained her sewing machine, as her most useful ally in her battle with poverty, she did not despair of being able by their joint efforts to keep a roof over their heads, if not butter in the larder. Their wardrobes were ample, and would not require replenishing for years.

But now the difficulty was to get work. It was the middle of October, but as the weather was still warm, business of all kinds lagged. May heroically, morning after morning, left her warm bed before daylight to con the morning papers, and morning after morning applied to advertisers for work—work of any kind, at length, but when asked how long she had worked at the business, for whom, who were her references, she was obliged to give such answers as insured her refusal; for she had never worked for anybody but herself, and, consequently, had no reference.

Morning after morning she turned away, sick with disappointment—one of scores of poor creatures as needy as herself.

At length her fair, frank face prevailed upon a manufacturer of boys' and men's clothing to trust her with a few suits of little boys' clothes, to be made at home. Cheerfully she trudged off with her armful of cloth, though the prices paid were so miserable that by their united and utmost exertions they could not do much more than pay the rent, leaving food, fuel, and light, to be paid for out of their fast lightening purse. But they must not give it up until sure of something better, so they still watched the papers. One morning May saw an advertisement for hands to take out dress skirts, to be made at home, and was on the spot when the doors opened. She succeeded in getting four dozen skirts at twenty-five cents per dozen! (A fact.) By working from daybreak until midnight, they could make four dozen per diem, which brought one dollar, less fourteen cents required for carfares.

This was worse than the boys' clothes, so she went back to the clothing dealer, but he, finding that he could get more work for a given sum by having his hands under the eye of a foreman, now refused to give out work, and she must go to the work-rooms. She went and worked from seven, A. M., to six, P. M., at three dollars per week, or by the piece, earning about the same.

The employer was a man who had rapidly risen from great obscurity to great wealth. He was a prominent church member, a founder of mission schools, and so skillfully combined religion and business that it was difficult to see where the one ended and the other began.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Sidney had found employment on ladies' linen, at prices that paid about fifty cents for a day's work of eighteen hours; but her customers began to tell her that they could go to the large stores and buy the garments ready to put on for the price they paid for the material, and they gave her no more to do. Winter was approaching, fuel was needed, and their little hoard of money was exhausted. Every cent they now earned was demanded to pay rent, and provide their poor table with the barest necessaries, leaving nothing for fuel or light. Something *must* be done to increase their income, but what that something should be was yet undecided.

While they consulted, and proposed, and rejected, a lady, who had been a frequent visitor at Mrs. Sidney's house in other days, and had discovered her whereabouts, called upon her. Perceiving that the work in her hand was of a kind that was miserably paid, she asked her why she did not try dressmaking, as it was much better paid, and offered to send her work of her own, and that of friends. Gratefully Mrs. Sidney accepted her kindness, and in a few weeks she was so busy that she found it expedient to keep May at home to help her. Their prospects brightened, though working very hard, and at prices much lower than those commanded by established dress-makers, they could earn enough to furnish them with the necessaries of life.

Here, as elsewhere, their experience of human nature was such as almost made them despair of their kind.

Ladies, whose material and trimming cost enough to support May and her mother for six months, haggled and browbeat until they succeeded in getting a dollar or two thrown off the price of making, which was expended in some other folly, while the poor dressmaker could scarcely afford butter for her bread.

Wealthy women came in their plainest and oldest dresses, to give the impression of moderate means, and thereby exact cheaper terms. Some would come with a pretence of having several dresses to make, "and, of course, the dressmaker would make a reduction;" but when the first was made at the reduced price agreed upon, "they had changed their minds, and believed they would not have the others made just yet." Another would describe a plain, easily made dress or suit, and desire to know the price. By the time it was done, so many changes had been suggested, so many additions made, that twice the time was required to make it that was required for the plain one; but if any addition was made to the pay, the cry of extortion and robbery was fearful.

Mrs. Sidney had entered upon the contest with a high opinion of her own sex, and with a half-formed idea that meanness, chicanery, and fraud, of every kind, were manly vices, and monopolized by the sterner sex; that all women were gentle, generous, honest and honorable. She was now in danger of swinging to the other extreme, and of condemning all women, and cannonizing all men. She did express herself very decidedly and bitterly, as believing that the worst enemies her sex had were to be found among women; that she never wished to be tried by a female jury, and that man *could not* descend to the pettiness of which women were often guilty.

But her new theory was upset by some personal experiences that went far toward convincing her that men and women belong to the same human family, and that what women do, on a small scale, with the few persons with whom they are brought in business contact, their fathers, husbands, and brothers do on a more extended one. The founder of mission schools and builder of chapels, who was governed, as he said, by the law of "supply and demand" in his dealings with his workpeople, was a man! The person who paid twenty-five cents per dozen for making dress skirts, was a man, (I beg pardon of the sex) a male!

The "operator" in coal, beef, flour, or any of the necessaries of life, would probably never descend to the meanness of haggling with his tailor about a dollar or two on his suit, or with his boot-maker about the price of his patent leathers; he will even give a ton or two of coal, or a barrel of flour to the needy and that, too, without publishing it in the papers; but he will at the same time not hesitate to entail privation and suffering upon the masses of the poor to enrich himself; and if his wife confine her "operations" to her dealings with her dressmaker and milliner, it is partly because it is the only field she has for the exercise of her "business talents," and partly because the means at her command are more limited than those of her husband. That which is *petty* meanness in the woman who haggles with her dressmaker would be rascality on a grand scale had she the means and opportunity.

And it is surprising how many well-meaning men and women there are, who will give without stint to the miserable and suffering, made so by their own indolence or improvidence, but who will chaffer and bargain for the last cent when dealing with the sons and daughters of toil, who ask no charity, but only a "fair day's wages for a fair day's work."

(CONTINUED.)

WOMAN.

BY A WOMAN.

David said in his haste, "All men are liars;" I say it in my leisure. That is, they are burdened with so many prejudices, blinded by so many outward circumstances, wrapped up so much in their own conceit and importance, that they think their opinions on any subject must be true; no salt is needed with any of their criticisms: they are Sir Oracles; all womanhood must sit dumb at their feet in ecstatic admiration, while they expound to a wondering world.

The old Czar was right when he said nothing happened without a woman being at the bottom of it. The only pity is that she cannot take the truth to her heart and act upon it. She might convince men that they also are not immaculate; she might break up the sublime system of government found in this model city, get the streets cleaned once in a lifetime—a sort of era from which to date; prevent cars from always having room for one more; make us see in a glass—darkly, to be sure, but still see—all men heroes, all women saints, and all children unfledged cherubims; cause the world to turn the other way; if she had not, for I forget how many thousands of years, been a "Born Thrall," under the yoke of a master whose name is Legion.

Mr. Sniffins has my most tender sympathy; he has been crossed in love, or else had a poor dinner, and he seeks to heal his breaking heart by hurling anathemas against all his feminine acquaintances. He is like all men; in their own judgments they act impartially, but the slightest screw out of joint in their system of comfort and ease disturbs the even tenor of their way, and they wreak their vengeance by spoiling paper and wasting ink to no purpose whatever. I do not pretend to deny or answer any of Mr. Sniffin's charges. He is heartily ashamed of his production by this time, or else he has less sense than I gave him credit for, and that wasn't much.

How is it that these Solons live for a number of years without improving the benighted minds around them? How can any one sit day after day in the reflection of their brilliancy, and not grow brighter and wiser? Surely some one has blundered, for if they had always sneered at silly women who have brains and use them not, we should probably find none.

Should any of these wiseacres say, after giving their ponderous minds to the subject for a minute, that women would make fools of themselves from the cradle to the grave, if they found that wisdom, dignity, and acting out one's self, paid? No, they are wise in their generation, a harmonious combination of serpent and dove; they know their market value perfectly; they are a superior sort of cattle to be knocked down to the highest bidder, to be held "a little dearer than a dog, a little better than a horse." They know there is one thing only for them in this world, to be given in marriage; unless they accomplish

that, their life is a failure; they have spent their days as a tale that is told, without a moral. This lesson was taught some time before the deluge, and although we don't think they know everything down in Judea, we give them honor for that one piece of wisdom.

Men are easily deluded; they are taken in on every hand, the same arts succeed with all of them, and the woman is a genius who strikes out a new way in which to get the better of them.

In these days we hear a great deal from gentlemen of tender years about the want of "old-fashioned girls," the virtuous woman who is to be a crown to a doating household; but I have one pleasure yet left me in this working-day world, to meet the prince who sets out on his travels to find this pearl, this gem of purest ray, who is, alas! doomed to sparkle unseen, for the prince is not, who can appreciate such boundless goodness as is to be found wherever you *search* for it. They talk of the falling off from their mother's times, which is paying a poor compliment to those respected ladies, as if they couldn't train up children in the way they should go as well as their grandmothers.

The few women who talk to men as if they possessed available brains are put down as, "clever, you know, too smart for a fellow, looks you through and says to herself, what an idiot you are." But the timid, graceful darlings, who look up beseechingly, roll their eyes, and say, "How very sarcastic," when you said something remarkably flat, are the admiration of masculine society.

It is wonderful that such sons of light do not gather any sense till they reach forty years; it takes grizzly hair to clear their brains, to show them the worth of a lass, to make them find out that vines, cling they ever so kindly, have through time a depressing and dragging down influence.

Women are the only martyrs; they listen to the bombastic nonsense of some overgrown boy, smile and look pleased, conscious all the time that they have forgotten more than he will ever know; and this simpleton fancies himself a hero, a demigod fit to treat a woman as though she didn't know that two and two make four; she is only to be classed with idiots and children; it is a blessing that she is classed with anything.

There are, fortunately for the universe, more women in the world than those whose sphere is bounded by twenty-four yards of gaze de Chambery, and they have found that here below is all a fleeting show, and a very good one, too, for man's illusion given; so knowing that there is compensation, sure that in some place or other, in some time hereafter, they will have the innings, they stand and wait, content to do without the homage of their brethren who will some day waken to see real visions and dream real dreams, for behold the Coming Woman is among you, but you know her not!

THE MISSION OF MAN AND WOMAN COMPARED.

BY MARION MARTIN.

Man's greatest boast is of courage, bravery, strength, and well may he boast, for nature has endowed him with these in an eminent degree, and greatly superior to that of woman. Then we need not question nature's design upon this point, especially since we perceive that, consistent with this plan, man has been placed in a position that calls for the exercise of just such powers as these which show an adaptation of means to ends; and this is the best criterion by which we can judge of nature's design. Hence, man has been allotted his task; physical force has been required to subdue and overcome the world, and man's strength of muscle and powerful form is well fitted to the task. He has scaled mountains, spanned the seas, discovered continents, subdued nations, founded empires, transformed the wilderness, leveled forests, and built cities, through his Herculean strength and courage, and his work is not yet complete, nor will it be until time shall be no more. Labor that requires strength and courage still demand his exertions on every side. Agriculture, commerce, mechanics, discoveries, inventions, and investigations, in the mysteries of science and art, claim man as heir master, through his superior endowment of strength, and courage; and nature, ever true to her trust, has made these not only necessary, but desirable qualities.

These proud distinctions nature has assigned to man, and herein we read his mission; but what does nature indicate as woman's mission? Just so far as we perceive that woman's organization is more delicate than man's the body and brain smaller in size, and therefore more active, her patience more enduring, and her physical strength less, we may suppose that nature has assigned to her a finer—more perfect work, than she has assigned to man—adapted to finer materials—not such materials as lace and ribbon, brocade and satin, but of mind and heart.

In her acute intelligence, her quick susceptibility, her unbounded sympathy, her aptness for moral truth, her devotional fervor, and intuitive perception, we trace the highest order of faculties—a capacity designed by nature for a noble work, an exalted mission; hence, to woman, has been allotted her task, and this is as varied and complicated as that of man's.

The maternal office that has been assigned to woman as peculiarly her own, calls for, first, those faculties with which she has been so richly endowed. Her work in this department is second to none but the Creator's. He creates, moulds, and endows, with life and all the faculties of body and mind; she cherishes that life, and develops and cultivates those faculties.

To her care is consigned immortal beings, to be moulded into the image of their Maker, morally and spiritually; and it is her pleasant task to arouse the slumbering elements of mind, and waken the ripples that deepen and widen in limitless thought. It is her holy mission to call forth the echoes of the human heart that go sounding on to eternity.

But though nature has assigned to woman the maternal office, it has not assigned her to this only; and that, without giving her the privilege of a choice, as has been done in her education. To this calling alone, her mission is not confined, nor does it end here; but whatever career in life calls for the exercise of those faculties with which she has been so liberally endowed, is open to her by right of fitness, which indicates nature's design—an adaptation of means to ends.

The taste and capacity necessary for this calling fits her for all others, and opens to her a vast field of usefulness in life outside of this. Loving and gentle are her ministries, and they are as well adapted to the heart hardened in sin as the guileless heart of childhood. Subtile in her intellect, and persuasive in her eloquence, she can lead the mind whithersoever she will, and discourse to it the mysteries of science and art. Quick and appreciative in her sympathies, she discerns the springs of feeling and thought, and to their peculiar moods adapts her council and instruction.

By this rule of special fitness she may not be debarred from engaging in any vocation requiring aptness, nicety, and skill, or profession requiring tact, intelligence, and genius, or be prohibited from engaging in politics, and even legislation, since these come under the province of mind and morals, rather than under courage and strength.

By these qualifications, with which woman has been so liberally endowed, is she commissioned to aid in the work of the world, by word or deed, in public or private, or in whatsoever calling her feeling or fancy may dictate. Hence, we perceive, that man's work is with the material elements; woman's with the spiritual. He labors to overcome, she to ennoble and refine. He looks to the means, she to the end. He toils for bread, she for God.

In their study it is the same. It is his province to discover, investigate, solve, invent, and it is hers to refine, elevate, discriminate, and apply—in a word, man should ascertain facts and principles, and it is woman's province to apply them in the development of mind and morals, and in promoting the harmony, elevation, and well-being of society—in advancing the progression of the world.

They are laborers together in the same vineyard, yet with different vocations; but notwithstanding, either may assume the vocation of the other as taste and capacity may admit. There is no difference in the importance of their missions, for they both tend to the same end, and either would be incomplete without the other; the difference is only in kind.

Thus, we perceive, God did not design for man all the responsibilities and favors with which he saw fit to endow mortals; but assigns a part to woman. He has appointed to each their peculiar mission and adapted them to their tasks. In the nature of each is written in legible characters the kind and quality of their work so distinctly that he "who runs may read."

STORY OF THE ARAB.

FROM THE GERMAN OF "SCHUBACK."

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

An Arab having lost his way in the desert was in danger of dying of hunger and thirst.

After long wanderings he found one of the cisterns or water pits, from which travellers water their camels, and a small leathern sack which lay on the sand.

"God be praised!" exclaimed he, as he took it up to examine it, "they surely are dates or nuts, and how I will enjoy and refresh myself with them!"

In this sweet hope he hastily opened the sack, saw what it contained, and cried out in extreme anguish, "*Alas, they are only pearls!*"

Notes About Women.

—Healy has painted a fine portrait of Miss Alcott.

—Kate Field's mother was once a popular actress.

—Louisa Muhlbach's novel, "The Victims of Religious Fanaticism," is out.

—What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

—Lucy Stone likens boys to vinegar—the more mother in them the sharper.

—A Western gentleman advertises for a "self-supporting wife."

—Needle-women in New-York are paid only ten cents apiece for making "dusters."

—One's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

—The young lady who is unable to support a riding habit should get into a walking habit.

—Kossuth has taken another wife. She was the daughter of a wealthy Swiss farmer of Lugano.

—Miss Yonge's latest volume is "Pioneers and Founders; or, Recent Workers in the Mission Field."

—Miss Charlotte Cushman lately pronounced E. L. Davenport "the greatest actor that uses the English language."

—A woman died recently in a Dublin poor house, who for thirty years had passed as a male under the name of Patrick McCormick.

—It is announced that Miss Kate Stanton will enter the lecture field next fall with a lecture entitled, "Whom to Marry."

—The Little Sisters of the Poor have thirteen houses in the United States. One has recently been established in Albany, N. Y.

—A Washington paper says that disappointment in love is making drunkards of many women in that city. What a poor way to drown grief.

—The New England Woman's Club is doing a great and good work. It has raised the sum of $65,000 to obtain cheaper homes for working people.

—When Garibaldi's daughter Theresa died at Florence, in January last, so little money was found in her possession that friends had to pay for her funeral.

—Alcott says life is too much for most. So much of age, so little of youth; living for the most part in the moment, and dating existence by the memory of its burdens.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Livermore, and other women of prominence, have taken measures for the formation of a woman's peace society.

—A poor colored woman of New Haven has bequeathed $3000 for the support of an indigent colored student who may enter Yale divinity school to prepare for the ministry.

—The marriage contract of the Bride of Lammermoor has quite lately been discovered at St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. It was evidently unknown to Sir Walter when he wrote the novel.

—A happy father in Florida is writing to the papers of his State about his baby, which is two weeks old, nine inches in height, weighs two pounds, and is remarkable for its beauty, vivacity, and cheerfulness.

—Twenty-one of the hundred and fifty boys and girls brought out from England by Miss McPherson have found homes in Woodstock and vicinity. Their ages range from five to sixteen years.

—A girl at North Adams, Mass., has got things all arranged to commence a suit against one of the Chinamen there for breach of promise, and it is feared that it will go hard with the poor fellow.

England has four periodicals called, respectively, "Wedding Bells," "Marriage Bells," "Bride Bells," and "Ring O'Wedding Bells." Somebody suggests two others, "Dinner Bells," and the "Belle of the Season."

—Several young ladies of Sandy Creek, Oswego county, have formed an organization pledging themselves in the most positive manner not to accept the company of any young man who uses tobacco in any form.

—Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, the eloquent woman's rights orator, is still residing in England. She was present a few weeks ago at the Woman Suffrage Conference in London, and made the speech of the occasion.

—Bismarck's wife is described by a New York *Herald* correspondent, who recently attended one of her levees, as of rather tall and graceful stature, and her countenance bears the impress of great mental culture and goodness of heart.

—The Americans in Rome are much pleased because Harriet Hosmer's horse, Blazon, has beaten three Italian races in a recent steeplechase near that city. Blazon leaped ditches, banks, and fences in admirable style, and came in a long way ahead.

—Mrs. Livermore publicly stated in Boston, recently, that "she was sometimes astonished at herself for being able, after what she knew, to meet men and treat them politely; to go up to the State House, watch the meanderings of the Legislature, and not hiss like a goose."

—A Yankee in England, being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of English girls, finally silenced laudation by declaring that "they had a gal in Boston only 11 years old, who could chew gum in seven different languages with her eyes shut."

—The *Golden Age* pays the following tribute to a truly representative woman:

"Among all the noble American women who with voice and hand toiled for the success of the nation during the civil war, no one was more zealous or efficient than Mrs. A. H. Hoge, of Evanston, Ill. She is an eloquent and magnetic speaker, and an energetic worker; and her great exertions for the relief of the soldiers reacted sadly upon her health, and made her an invalid for several years. There is now a vacancy in the Postmastership of her town, and many people feel that this self-sacrificing and most competent lady should be appointed to fill it. We should not like to take salt with the man who could say 'No.'"

—The following story of a model husband comes to us from Wisconsin: At a locality called Plum City, lives a Swede, who, having, this spring but one ox, persuaded his wife to carry one end of the yoke in ploughing, while he held the plough and their boy drove. The woman labored at this extraordinary employment for two days, but was then compelled to quit it and take to her bed, on account of having ruptured an internal organ in her efforts to keep her end of the yoke even. In two days after she died, the physician called by the neighbors finding it impossible, when he reached her, to do anything for her relief.

—A marble vase, bearing upon its sides a series of emblematic designs, representing the progress of art and science in America, has been presented by Horatio Stone to Rutgers College. The national services of Smithson, Franklin, Fulton, and Morse are commemorated in four groups of figures.

—Mme. de Sevigne, a woman of the most acute and accurate perceptions of men and things, is the author of the following: "People who are always on tenter-hooks, straining after admiration or effect, had they the beauty of seraphs and the tongues of archangels, must inevitably become nuisances."

—Mention has been made of a catalogue of a female seminary in one of whose classes there were five "Sadies" and three "Sallies," and not one Sarah. A young lady who, may have graduated in this class, was married the other day, and in the published announcement her name was given as "Ruthie."

—Rev. Theodore Cuyler, in discussing the woman suffrage question, divides the women in to two classes, the weak and the wicked. It is a pity the Rev. gentleman's intercourse has made him acquainted with only these two varieties. We can assure him there are many more that deserve better names.

—Hon A. A. Sargent made an able speech at the Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention. He boldly advocated the passage of a sixteenth amendment, which should give the ballot to women, and said he thought he should have the pleasure of voting for it at the next session of Congress.

—A young lady of Cleveland, Ohio, received a letter on the eve of her wedding, saying that her lover had a wife and two children in a neighboring town. The poor girl read the letter through, turned her face toward her mother, who was in the room, exclaiming, "Oh, ma!" and dropped dead on the floor.

—It is officially announced in a Massachusetts State document that women employed in housework in Boston live, as a rule, in greater comfort than any other class of female laborers—that their food is better, lodgings more comfortable, and their wages enable them to dress neatly and comfortably, and to save something.

—The fashion mongers say that ladies' dress waists are to be worn very short, and more decoleté than ever, thus recalling the days of the first American court. It seems a pity that modern women should go back to the indecency of a past style of dress, which has neither beauty nor convenience to recommend it.

—A little girl not yet twelve years of age was brought before a New Orleans magistrate recently for street-walking. She told her history in just these words: "I was pushed into the street by my aunt Jane just three years ago, and have been forced to look out for myself ever since." Who can blame the child?

—A regular annual meeting of the Indiana Woman Suffrage Association will be held in the city of Bloomington, the seat of the State University, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 22d and 23d days of June, 1871. The friends of the cause generally, from Indiana and the adjacent States, are cordially invited to be present and participate in the proceedings. Eminent speakers from abroad are expected.

—The Princess Marguerite, wife of the eldest son of the King of Italy, is said to be passionately fond of the theater, and so artless and lovely in manner and person that she fascinates all who approach her. She is declared by a correspondent to be "the whitest woman" he has ever seen. From all the raving about her, she must either be charming or she must keep a Jenkins.

—Miss Susannah Rubinstein, a Jewish lady, student of the university at Prague, was visiting, during the Passover holidays, her parents, residing at Chernowitz, Bukowina. While at that city she lectured before a highly cultivated audience, Jews and Christians, about the activity of the senses and powers of the soul. The net proceeds was given to a society for the education of poor orphans. The lecture gave great satisfaction.

—The Bowdoin (Me.) College *Orient* says that the admission of women into male colleges has a tendency to increase vice and dissipation. This is squarely against facts, as wherever the experiment has been tried—at Michigan University, Oberlin, etc., rowdyism, vulgarity, and the worst vices of the old system have visibly decreased. The writers on this subject should take some slight pains to learn the truth before they so loudly condemn a great educational reform.

—Judge Barron, Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, has recommended to Secretary Boutwell the names of four lady clerks in his office for promotion to temporary first-class clerkships. The Secretary will require the candidates to pass the same examination that the male clerks are subjected to by the examining board. A majority of the lady clerks in the office are willing to pass through the trying ordeal of a "competitive examination," but the Auditor was unable to select but four of their number at the present time.

—Michigan has made another stride in civilization and equal rights. The new City Hall in Detroit is to contain the Circuit Court, and Judge Patchin, the incumbent, recognizing the fact that women vote in Michigan, and are graduated from its State law-school, recognizes their right also to attend the sittings in his court. He has accordingly had proper provision made for their comfort in the newly completed court-room, and signified his willingness that they should attend the sessions at pleasure. It is no more than should be done in every court-room throughout the country.

—The London *Telegraph* has the following on the International Exhibition now open in London: "We have been requested to state, in addition to our account of the Fan Competition, that the lady who divided the third prize of £10 with Miss Hilda Montabla was Miss Linnie Watt, a student of the Lambeth School of Art, the head master of which is Mr. John Sparkes. Thus, four English ladies carry off all the prizes among them, except the first prize, which has not yet been awarded. These ladies are: Miss Henrietta Montalba, who takes the second prize of £25; the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who has won a prize of £10 by a very graceful and striking design; Miss Hilda Montalba, who has taken one prize of £10, together with a second prize of £5; and Miss Watt, whose promising skill as a designer is encouraged to bolder effort by the award of a £5 prize."

—We are pleased to announce to our readers that we shall be able to present them with occasional letters from the vigorous pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, while on her journey amid the wonderful scenes and sights of California. Miss Anthony, also, has pledged herself to the extent of an occasional communication, and the first fruits of this promise have already appeared in our columns. Miss Anthony has always depreciated her gift of composing on paper, but we hope, during the summer, to prove to our readers that to the eloquent tongue she also joins the gift of a ready and vivacious writer.

—Mrs. Fourtado, sister of the deceased French Minister of Finances, Fould, died at Brussels, April 24th, at the age of seventy-two. Mrs. Fourtado was a mother to the poor, and was rightly considered one of the most noble ladies of Paris, in which city she was known by the name "La Providence," a rare honorary title, given by the poor whom she richly supported. Her wish to die in France, her beloved country, was not fulfilled, as she had to escape from Paris to Brussels, on account of the revolution; but, in accordance with her last will, her body will be buried in her beautiful castle of Roquembert.

—We give place this week to a communication from Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, in reference to resolutions read by her at the Apollo Hall Convention. In the item which appeared in our paper a fortnight ago, on which Mrs. Davis bases her comments, we did not intend to throw out insinuations of any kind. We were merely making a statement of fact. We have known Mrs. Davis too long, in the enjoyment of a most valued friendship, to place any evil construction upon her words or deeds. Mrs. Davis' purity of life, and elevation of character are too patent to need vindication from us. We refrained from all comment on the resolutions; and it was eminently proper Mrs. Davis should speak for herself; and we are glad she has done so.

—Two unknown women placed flowers on Ruloff's grave, in Binghamton, on the morning of Decoration Day. The act gave offence to some persons, and the flowers were removed. It seems to us that the flowers might have been allowed to remain where they were placed. Monster as he was, they could not harm anybody, and no donbt some remains of human affection yet lingered in his nature, and perhaps those flowers placed there by two unknown women may have commemorated some little act of kindness that they cherished, while all the world reviled the memory of the murderer. At any rate, it is a pleasure to think so.

—We copy from a Western paper the following description of the famous woman revivalist:

"Mrs. Van Cott, the Western Methodist preacher, is tall, muscular, full-chested, powerful. Her voice is heavy, deep, and well trained. Her readings are vastly superior to her speaking. Ministers, generally, would do well to learn of her how to read the Scriptures and hymns in their congregations. Her physical endurance is truly wonderful. She never sits during her public services, though they are frequently prolonged for hours. Probably there are few persons in the world who can stand, talk, pray, sing, and travel as many hours for years in succession as she can. But to a close observer there are two things which must be taken into this count. She expends little or no brain force. Nor does she seem to carry heavy, sympathetic burdens. With a happy face, a jovial nature, and a high degree of self-satisfaction, she only plays with the tender qualities of her own heart for effect on her hearers. Hence her nerve power is unexhausted."

—The *Watchman and Reflector* takes occasion to garble a passage from an article in a recent number of our paper, trying thereby to represent that we simply poured out a coarse and unprovoked tirade against the average man, whereas, the lines quoted so skilfully to place us in a false light, were written in relation to the demand that women shall be angels of purity and truth, while men may practice what vices they choose, and still not be debarred from this exalted companionship. We have never waged war upon men as a class, nor circulated unfounded slanders against them. Pure, good men we believe are worthy of reverence and respect, and chief among such, if any can be found, we place truth-speaking editors of religious journals.

—The Detroit *Daily Post* has been trying to shake Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner's claim to the title of the first woman voter of Michigan, by stating that Miss Mary Wilson, who voted on the same day at Battle Creek, deposited her ballot at an earlier hour, and has had her claims overlooked in the laudation of Mrs. Gardner. This is a mistake. Miss Wilson's performance of duty has constantly been commented on in connection with the voting of Mrs. Gardner, and it is probably a matter of no moment with her or anybody else whether she voted ten minutes earlier or later than the other. But, moreover, the Detroit editor tries to snatch away the laurels from both these ladies by bringing to light some musty old records dating back to 1804, whereby it appears that, at a town meeting in Detroit of that remote date, widows who were freeholders were allowed to vote, and even to vote by proxy. All but one availed themselves of this latter privilege, and her vote turned the scale on the economical side regarding taxation. Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner answers the editor of the *Post* in a clever letter, skilfully using the above fact to prove that woman's vote is needed to inaugurate a new era on the side of morality, economy, justice, and competency.

—It is a genuine pleasure to praise such an entertainment as that given on Tuesday evening last, before the Woman's Club, of Brooklyn, by Mrs. Louisa Holden. This gifted, elegant lady is both lecturer and elecutionist, and combines the two in discoursing on American Humorists, by interspersing the entertainment with illustrations from our various literary wits. She is young, and very attractive in face and form, and shows excellent taste in the quiet simplicity of her dress. Her voice is rich, full, and admirably modulated, and the original portions of her lecture are replete with sense and thought. She speaks without notes, and puts herself directly *en rapport* with her audience. About three hundred persons assembled at the cheerful rooms of the Brooklyn Woman's Club to listen to her performance, the audience being characterized by a high degree of refinement and intelligence, and it is safe to say that all who listened to Mrs. Holden's lecture were amused and delighted. Mrs. Holden may as yet be termed a *debutante*, as she has, we believe, appeared but once before a large, general audience. Next fall she will regularly enter the lecture field with two lectures, "American Humorists," already noticed, and a new one entitled "Know Thyself." We feel justified in predicting for her an abundant harvest of success.

Our Mail Bag.

A COUNTRY LETTER.

WOODBINE STATION, June 5.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

"All aboard for the Fortunate Isles and Arcadia!" When you hear the conductor sing that out on the train, you may know you are *en route* for Woodbine Station.

Sitting here in the grass under a drooping elm tree, with the clover blossoms all about your feet, stringing daisy chains, you would never guess that over the shoulder of that hill lies the big city, smoking away from its million throats, and forming a soft amathyst cloud in the distance, when th weather is hazy, as it often is even on these June days.

People hie them hundreds of miles away to mountains and sea-shore, but there are forest glades and mossy nooks almost within sound of Trinity bells. Nature nestles as near as possible to that great artificial piece of brick and stone-work which we call a city, and would fain fasten its fairy grasses and vegetation in the crannies of the architecture, did not the soot and smoke and bad air kill these pretty things. What wonder the babies die by hundreds every week.

Sitting as I am to-day under the shadow of the elm tree, there is nothing that strikes me with more loving wonder than the generosity and charity of our dear mother earth. I watch with infantile delight to note the touching care she bestows upon all creatures, high and low, rich and poor, beautiful or ugly, good and sweet, or noxious and loathsome; there is a wonderfully wise lesson of tolerence to be learned from the way summer manages all her children, letting the bird sing, and the butterfly soar, and a myriad of brilliant-winged insects fill the air, while at the same time the worm grubs, and the toad and snake have their own little kingdom.

It is to me, who have been so long away from country life as to feel it necessary to get acquainted all over again, the purest pleasure just to sit still in my favorite nook, and speculate about the inhabitants of a single square foot of turf.

Literary true is Lowell's lines,

> "There's never a leaf or blade too mean
> To be some happy creature's palace."

Six weeks ago there was scarcely a fly to drone out its intimation of a raid from the insect world. Nature kept her little grubs and larvæ tucked so neatly out of sight you could not discover one unless you rummaged about the bark of trees. But she had them all in her safe-keeping, and at the appointed time each little occupant became frisky and crawled out of its shell to become the tenant of the whole of summer land. What a delight it is to these new fledged creatures to use their wings in the expanse of the air. I am never weary of seeing them dip and dive and skim or sail in graceful circles. They embody the poetry of motion.

There are times when I am almost too languid to watch the habits of birds, and then the insect world engages much of my attention. I am particularly interested in the miller family, brown, mouse color, dove color—curiously marked and speckled, all different, but so much alike you never fail to trace a family resemblance. What grists come to my miller's hoppers I do not know, but as I watch their aimless flight, hovering, fluttering forever, I am convinced there is a realm where pure laziness is made a merit of, and, sitting as I do, with my hands unoccupied, and my eyes going on an aimless quest up through the tree branches, or down in the moss and herbage, the conviction gives me unfeigned pleasure. Perhaps there may be an intermediate state between this life and the next, where all drudges and scrubs sport about in the form of millers.

When I am indisposed to seek the seclusion of my own private nook, which is half a mile away, in the heart of a pretty wood hollow, fringy with ferns, I spread my old water-proof under the harvest apple tree, and study the more familiar aspects of out-door life. This dear old water-proof, I would not exchange it for the richest divan sultan ever sat on. It has been a faithful friend in many ways, and deserves to be immortalized in verse. It is fairly fragrant with memories of excursions among the mountains and on the sea, and although it is somewhat shabby and gray, frayed at the edges, and white at the seams, it is still dear to my heart.

The family beggar, a sturdy Irishwoman, with seven small children—the last twins—has cast various longing glances at the faithful garment, saying:

"Shure, mar'm, whin ye've knocked out all the wear from that auld cloak, I hope ye'll be afther letting me have it."

But I have resolved that my faithful water-proof shall never go to cover the twins. It is dedicated to sylvan uses, and its last rag shall flutter from a limb of my favorite apple tree.

This vagabond life of mine does not provoke speculation or any severe mental exercise. I haven't, as yet, evolved anything in particular from my consciousness, but once in a while, here under the trees, I do give myself up to thoughts as to how the world is to be made better, and it seems in those moments, with butterflies skimming about in their painted wings, and clover heads and tall grasses nodding at my feet, that the one specific is to bring people in some way nearer the great, loving heart of our common mother. This country quiet, and sunshine, and shade, and freshness, and the innumerable soothing noises of birds and insects, so modify the reforming spirit, that erst was strong in me. I can frame no other device but to lead society back to the pastoral state, let every wound be healed, every wry and crooked nature made straight, in the companionship of woods, and fields, and babbling brooks. Here, it seems to me now, is the medicine for the sick soul and the wicked life as well.

Then I remember the lager beer garden a mile away, by the road, in what was formerly the loveliest grove, full of ferns and wild flowers, but what with the Sunday dancing and carousing, the rowdyism of the crowds that come over here from the city for holiday recreation, has been made a desert, and my enthusiasm in what I call my country cure is checked and cooled. The vicious and the unclean bring their vices and their uncleanness to the pretty grove down yonder, and when the steamer takes them back to town there is little to prove that the pretty grove has not been spoiled by swine.

I think, with a bitter pang, of the time when a city street shall be cut through my ferny dell, and all the wild wood beauties rooted out in the so-called march of improvement, to give room for one of these mongrel regions, half country and half city, crude and unsightly, which flourish on the skirts of a great metropolis, so I will do all the lotus-eating possible this year, for perhaps before another season the ferny dell, the apple orchard, even Woodbine Station itself, may change into city lots, and instead of belonging in some sense to Paradise, be transformed into prosaic real estate.

Yours truly,

LOUNGER.

THE APOLLO HALL RESOLUTIONS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I observe in you issue of June 1st an attack made upon the resolutions which I read in the meeting in Apollo Hall. It is quoted from the *Tribune*, and purports to be from an "Observer," who claims to be a suffrage woman.

I should prefer answering a person who did not hide behind a signature which may conceal sex and position. It is a kind of Indian warfare which I should never adopt.

I believe in open, fair dealing on every question, and will not hold an opinion or position for an hour that I am not ready to defend openly; and if I find such opinion untenable or illogical, I will yield it gracefully.

Having given currency to an insinuation, will you now do me the justice to publish the the resolutions of which I did not move even the adoption. I am not a propagandist; I do not care whether any one is identified with me or not. In truth, I have rather a liking for standing alone. I presented the resolutions as a thought—it is always some one's business to present thoughts, not one of which is ever lost. Twenty years ago the same ideas were presented and adopted by the Convention held in Syracuse.

The fluttering they have made now proves more conclusively than any other one thing the social corruption and despotism which obtain and fear the light of discussion.

Swedenborg once saw a great truth let down from heaven unto hell, and it became a lie.

If to claim the right of self-ownership, as the first of all rights, has in it a hint of sensuality, then I shall be obliged to learn language anew.

The charge is made that the meeting did not express disapprobation of free love. All discussion was cut off by rule, or the question might have arisen there, "What is free love?" It is the worst of folly to pass resolutions against what has had no chance for expression.

The question is, what is free love of which there is so much terror? Was love ever constrained, enforced, or purchased? Who ever loved because commanded to? Passion, vanity, and convenience are bought and sold in the market, are forced into marriage and compelled into hated relations; but it is time that sensible people learned to use language correctly. Love is an emotion of the heart, founded upon respect, esteem, admiration, and devotion.

To be free is to be exempt from subjection to the will of one or many, says Webster. I propose to stand upon this line and fight it out; rescuing the pure words from base prostitution, and showing that only to the corrupt can corruption be made out of those resolutions. A friend says in a letter just received, "I have read, and re-read, and re-read again the

resolutions read by thee at Apollo Hall, and fail to find the clew to the danger lurking in the sentiments embodied—anything that tends to 'looseness in morals,' or anything that tends to the destruction or severance of any institution or relation based upon justice and right, but entirely the reverse. However, I suppose I am wanting in acumen, and must wait till the dear old REVOLUTION recovers from its fright, and deigns to make the hidden visible. The patrons of THE REVOLUTION *are entitled* to something more than insinuations."

I have quoted the above from one of our true, tried, and tested workers. I could give you pages of the opinions of pure and noble people, who have observed to better purpose than the "Observer," who looked through clouded spectacles.

The social relations take a very broad sweep, much broader than that of the merely sexual; but as the "Observer" will have them relate only to that, I shall say a word for his or her benefit here; possibly a new idea may reach the unknown. First, the law which makes the rendering of martial rights and compulsory maternity on the part of woman in the absence of love, and congeniality, of health, and fitness obligatory, is a deadly despotism; and no woman thus subjugated can be pure in soul and body.

Every woman who is demanding the ballot is, whether she know it or not, demanding her right to self-ownership; and every man who is demanding it for her proclaims that he has grown out of his tyrannies, and recognizes the right inherent in her to self-ownership and self-government.

Twenty years ago when we said, "Give us moral, religious, social, pecuniary, and political freedom," the whole venal press shrieked and howled like demons; the weak and cowardly who believed with us stood aloof and criticised; having won all the outposts and even entered the citadel, those who were the weak critics spring forward and claim that they always thought so. The "Observers" of today will be the loudest in advocating these resolutions, just as soon as the battle is fought and the victory won.

"*Resolved*, That the basis of order is freedom from bondage; not, indeed, of such 'order' as reigned in Warsaw, which grew out of the bondage; but of such order as reigns in Heaven, which grows out of that developed manhood and womanhood, in which each becomes 'a law unto himself.'

"*Resolved*, That freedom is a principle, and that as such it may be trusted to ultimate in harmonious social results, as in America, in harmonious and beneficent political results; that it has not hitherto been adequately trusted in the social domain, and that the woman's movement means no less than the complete social as well as the political enfranchisement of mankind.

"*Resolved*, That the evils, sufferings, and disabilities of women, as well as of men, are social still more than they are political, and that a statement of woman's rights which ignores the right of self-ownership as the first of all rights is insufficient to meet the demand, and is ceasing to enlist the enthusiasm and even the common interest of the most intelligent portion of the community.

"*Resolved*, That the principle of freedom is one of principle, and not a collection of many different and unrelated principles; that there is not at bottom one principle of freedom of conscience as in Protestantism, and another principle of freedom from slavery as in Abolitionism, another of freedom of locomotion as in our dispensing in America with the passport system of Europe, another of the freedom of the press as in Great Britain and America, and still another of social freedom at large, but that freedom is one and indivisible, and that slavery is so also; that freedom and bondage, or restriction, is the alternative and the issue alike in every case; and that if freedom is good in one case it is good in all; that we in America have builded on freedom, politically, and that we cannot consistently recoil from that expansion of freedom which shall make it the basis of all our institutions; and finally, that so far as we have trusted it, it has proved in the main safe and profitable."

Truly yours, PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.

ART NOTES; OR, A WORD IN BEHALF OF WOMEN AS ARTISTS.

BY MRS. E. A. MORSE.

A life-long interest and experience in the arts of design, as an element of value in the education and progress of women, makes me desirous of urging this subject for a more general consideration than it now obtains, but to advocate, also, a more generous reception by women of *progressive* views of the works of art, offered to our favor or criticism, by the women who have chosen art as a profession in our midst, many of whom, having failed to gain a recognition as members of the National Academy of Design, or societies established by men, have formed an Art Association for women, where combined forces of talent and money may more readily accomplish what singly they would work weary years and fail to gain.

They have a comfortable gallery where members of the association can have easel room and a favorable light for a small amount, say fifty dollars per annum; this, to the young artist, is a great advantage, for proper studies are difficult to obtain, and expensive to keep. The rents are beyond the reach of women who toil for bread as well as fame, and the furnishing and keeping in comfortable condition, requires an outlay of more than the entire charge fixed by the Ladies' Art Association for all the essential requisites in their large and well-appointed rooms in Clinton Hall, on Astor Place, Eighth street. Here they have monthly receptions when the pictures finished may be on exhibition and on sale. A pleasant lady, who is earnestly interested in the welfare of the society, has charge of the hall and its appointments, and is empowered to act for the members in all business matters.

This is one of the present opportunities not generally understood, of a more extended art education for the women who are seeking new avenues to a life work, and especially to those who desire more fitly to represent the art idea in general culture. Other means of growth in peculiar work are much needed, classes and lectures on art, for those who desire a knowledge of general principles so as to select with judgment and taste works of merit, and to learn to discriminate the essential value of what they see, rather than depend upon the signatures or the authority of established reputations. This judgment is often as erroneous in overrating the value of the pictures of a well-known and successful artist as it is in slurring or failing to appreciate the talent or real merit in work from unknown or unheralded hands.

I will give an example; it is generally esteemed that pictures in the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, that are placed upon the *line*, are the best of those offered, and are so endorsed by the officers and members of that institution, and this is or should be an impartial school; that it is not so is evidenced by the present collection and distribution, and to the conoisseur it is very plain that the academic affix, or N. A., has more value to the hanging committee than careful, conscientious work.

The taste of the general arrangement is good, and something, or some one, is inevitably sacrificed to secure a tasteful or artistic grouping; but I question whether this is not often a great injustice to the young and earnest artist and student; and where the choice could be, with equal propriety, made in his or her favor, the higher principle should ever obtain both in the cause of justice and progress as in the true growth and interest of art.

In one of the most conspicuous and favorable positions to a *good* picture hangs a painting by an artist who has achieved a world-wide reputation, elaborately framed, and labelled, "The Lamb of God," by scriptural texts. It is unmistakeably intended for Jesus, but what can any one here find of the gentle and spiritual Nazarine? If it has any national characteristic, it is Teutonic; in organization it is marked by the physical and sensual; it has no sentiment, either of moral purity or mental power, and the only merit its partial advocates of the academy claim for it is the finely modeled head; this, I think, is more due to its author's familiarity with the works of ancient art (*i. e.*), the head of Phidius, than to his own inspiration. The drawing of the shoulders is out of all proportion, and the color is false to all accepted theories or practice; neither harmony or gradation is there. I question whether the deep, dull red of the hair was ever seen in nature, or at least human nature, and if so, if it would be possible to match it in the bright, crude, yellow beard. It is a failure; and but for the irreverence to the sacred being it assumes to portray, we should say it was a practical joke. No name, however great, should entitle it to its present position.

Mrs. Loop's portrait of a child would have more fitly filled the place, in the true interest of art and justice. This is by no means the only example I could point, but is that which will more readily be appreciated by all who have seen, or may see the present or forty-sixth annual exhibition of the New-York National Academy of Design.

WOMEN IN CONVERSATION.—It is their eminent domain. There is a good deal of banter afloat on the subject, and one might easily suppose that our women are given to talk; but nothing is further from the truth. Their fault in society is that they do not talk. They are timid—not socially, but intellectually. They are afraid to imbibe, or to cherish, or to enunciate ideas. They mistrust their own capacities and requirements, and have mistrusted them so long and so sincerely that the mistrust finally becomes final and fatal. They have too much sense to be silly, and too little power to be self-forgetful; so they take a secondary place when they ought to be in the van. It is not oppression on the one part nor superiority on the other, but the natural effect of a long line of causes. Women not only fear men, but they fear each other.—*Gail Hamilton.*

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The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1871.

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9	" "	$18,	one dozen silver plated Forks.
9	" "	$16,	silver plated Teapot.
" 9	"	$18,	one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7	" "	$14,	one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6	" "	$12,	silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6	" "	$12,	" " Butter Dish.
" 5	" "	$10,	one linen damask Table Cloth.
3	"	$6,	one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3	"	$6,	Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
"	" "	$4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	" "	$4,	silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

THE BARONESS TAUTPHEUS, AUTHOR OF THE "INITIALS," "CYRILLA," &c.

MUNICH, May 20, 1871.

The change from Italy to Germany in the early spring is almost like going from one zone to another; the atmosphere is no longer the same; the sky and the solid earth assume a new aspect. Instead of the balmy breezes, the sunshine and the fragrant flowers, springing up everywhere, which one has left behind in sunny Italy, one finds rain, chilliness, and a general dreariness pervading earth and sky in Germany.

To be sure, a few trees had put on their spring garb of green and a few adventurous dandelions had popped up their bright heads in Munich, when we arrived in that spruce little Bavarian capital.

But, having visited its galleries, and seen the art treasures which old King Ludwig gathered there, several times before, we should not have been tempted to make even the brief halt we did, had it not been for the sake of calling upon the Baroness Tautpheus, who is a resident of this city.

Her clever novels had long since given us a strong desire to know their clever author, and scarcely had we shaken off the dust of travel when we set out to visit her.

We found her in a comfortable German apartment, to which bright red curtains and furniture of the same hue gave a warm and cheery aspect in spite of the tall, white porcelain stove, that invariable and lugubrious belonging of a German salon, which is so unpleasantly suggestive to a stranger of a monument erected to the memory of some dear departed.

On the table, among many other books, we saw Bryant's poems, a handsome and evidently well-read volume. Pictures hung on the walls, a fine, large jardiniere filled with strange-leaved and many colored plants, gave the room a pleasant, tasteful and home-like appearance; but we had scarcely time to glance about us, before the mistress of the house herself appeared, and left us no further thought for any of her surroundings.

The Baroness Tautpheus is no longer young; her health is also feeble, which makes her seem even older than she is—somewhere in her fifties. Her figure is slight, her complexion colorless, her forehead broad and high, her features are regular, her eyes clear and bright, and her whole face full of expression. Her dress was simple, of some black fabric, and she wore a cap, although her own dark hair is still abundant and scarcely streaked with grey.

Although the wife of a German Baron, she is an English woman by birth. Her education was partly English and partly continental.

English people, after having been transplanted into a foreign soil, are among the most agreeable of this world's inhabitants, but they need to be thus transplanted to become so. In this respect our own New England people resemble their old country ancestors, as they do in many other points.

Of the transplanted English women, the Baroness Tautpheus is one of the most charming specimens. Genial, sympathetic and cordial, a short interview with her is enough to change the indifference of a stranger into the warm interest of a friend. She is a thoroughly womanly woman, clever, vivacious and unaffected.

It was currently reported at the time when the novels of the Baroness Tautpheus first appeared in America, and made their authoress so popular and so famous, that she was the daughter of Lord John Russell. This is not the case. She comes, however, of equally distinguished lineage; if not of the blue blood of title, she is of the blue blood of talent. She is of the Edgeworth family, Maria Edgeworth being her cousin, and one of her childhood's warmest friends.

Florence Montgomery, one of the most popular English writers of the day, is also a near relative of the Baroness Tautpheus. But she herself did not take to the pen very early in life.

Painting was her favorite pastime, and it was not till she found herself obliged to abandon this pursuit, because of the deleterious effect of the pigments upon her health, that she turned to literature.

Fortunately for the world her active mind could not be satisfied with the ordinary routine of fashionable life.

"Why do you not write?" one and another of her friends asked her. "Why should I not?" she asked herself; and the result was the composition of the "Initials," that masterly novel, which is all the more astonishing as it was her first essay in literature.

Its success, and that of her subsequent novels, "Cyrilla," "At Odds," and "Quits," quite astonished their author.

"I think my books are dreadfully overrated," she said to us, simply, and with the greatest apparent sincerity. "I have often tried to read them myself," she continued, "to see what it was in them which made them so popular, and I could never decide the question satisfactorily to myself; of course it would be an affectation in me to pretend to ignore their success with the public, but I could never understand it."

This reminded us of another famous writer's judgment of her own books. Madame George Sand, when we met her in Paris before the days of its misfortunes, we chanced to ask her which of her books she herself preferred, and her reply was, "Madame, I detest them all."

"I perfectly understand her feelings," said the Baroness Tautpheus, to whom we repeated George Sand's declaration of disgust with her own literary achievements.

The Baroness spoke with enthusiasm of the Bavarian Highlands, which she has described so admirably in her works, and she said that her life among them had seemed so out of the common-place, so interesting and fascinating to her, that she sometimes fancied it was owing to the scenes in which her novels were laid, that they owed their popularity.

She professed herself an unbeliever in Woman's Rights, but when the cardinal points of their creed were rehearsed to her, by her request, she found that she was not so much of a heretic after all, rather to her own astonishment, for the phrase Woman's Rights carries with it, to many minds, a vague sense of something dreadful. She discovered that the demands made by the leaders of that much misrepresented movement, were such as she herself regarded as most reasonable and most necessary for the well being of society. She saw, too, its object was not to upturn social order, but to make it more stable by putting it on the true basis of justice.

"The German women," she said, "need education greatly. They are good linguists, as they generally speak and write at least three languages, but there their knowledge ends. The schools for girls are very poor as compared with those for boys, and I think the demand for higher education for women a most just and most essential one. But, she continued, "I very much doubt whether increased education will bring increased happiness; on the contrary, I think no fable ever contained more truth than that of the tree of knowledge, the eating of which brought sorrow and misery upon mortals. Perhaps ignorance is bliss, after all."

"The German women of the higher classes," she said, "had nothing to complain of in the way of respect and consideration, but the women of the bourgeoise and of the lower orders hold a very subordinate position in the family, and are considered of secondary importance—their opinions in any other matter than housekeeping are of no account to the male members of the family, and this, perhaps, nat-

urally enough, as they are not very well informed on any other subject, and consequently their opinions on any other point are not worth much."

The Baroness did not at all agree with the demand for suffrage, though she said the laws as regarded many questions of property for women were manifestly unjust, and she instanced some cases which she had known of such legal wrongs sustained by friends of hers in England. Her objection to the presence of women in the legislative chambers was, however, a most remarkable and astonishing one to us.

She thought it would *annoy* the male representatives to be obliged to use the courtesies which the presence of la lies would require of them. "The members of Parliament in England," she said, "sit with their hats on Now you and I would not like that, I am sure, and yet I think it would annoy them to be obliged to doff their hats and behave with the decorum that the addition of lady members to their body would require."

We, for our own part, assured her that we did not consider it so great a hardship to force men of character and position to behave like gentlemen, and it was to our minds only another proof of the need of the feminine element everywhere when we saw, as we did in the absence of it, that men relapsed into barbarism, not only in the pioneer settle ments like California and Australia, but even in legislative assemblies, like those of England and America, the absence of women is the signal for the abandonment of the courtesies of life, which distinguish the civilized from the savage state of society.

"After all," said the Baroness, "it is with me merely a matter of prejudice and feeling, and having lived so long in a country where universal male suffrage does not exist, I do not suppose I place the estimate upon its necessity for men and women that those do who live under a different form of government."

The Baroness does not intend to write any more novels. Her health is poor, and she is unequal to the exertion of literary labor. It is now nearly twenty years since she first published the "Initials." She says her work in the way of book-making is at an end. She says she is now limiting her endeavors to that of growing old gracefully, a task which is quite enough to absorb any ordinary woman's whole faculties.

But though she talks of old age as if she had entered upon it, she is only as yet on the border land of that dreary desert to which nature brings so many mortals, as if to disgust them with life and make them long for the change of death.

But women like the Baroness Tautpheus need not fear advanced age. They never grow old. Intellect triumphs over the ravages of time, and the annals of biography are full of instances of men and women of genius and of talent whose last days were not only full of interest and charm for themselves, but were also an unfailing source of pleasure to all who were associated with them.

Such an old age was that of the poets Rogers and Walter Savage Landor, such that of Walter Scott and Miss Mitford, such is that now of George Sand and Michelet, and such will no doubt be the old age of the Baroness Tautpheus when she reaches that much dreaded period.

POSITIVISM AND THE BALLOT.

Those who set themselves in opposition to the woman movement are very apt to fall back upon some spur or headland of that movement for an impregnable or even a defensible position from which to carry on their warfare. Here is Mr. John Elderkin, a full-blown if not a fully ripened Positivist, who draws all the weapons the vast arsenal of Comte's philosophy furnishes to put down the woman movement; but before he gets through with his attack he confesses that our well-to-do women look upon labor as menial and degrading, while their indolence begets vanity, an inordinate fondness for gossip and finery, and passions that are demoralizing.

Moreover, they treat their servants with insolence and contempt. An organ of the working women says that "not one lady in ten treats her servants with common humanity. We are all witnesses to the long hours and petty tyranny of domestic service." The result, according to Mr. Elderkin, is that women possessed of self-respect and energy submit to any mere drudgery in such employments of men as are open to them rather than take service in the legitimate employments of their sex. Until women shall raise the labor of the household from this slough, a large share of the responsibility for the ignorance, degradation, and vice of their unfortunate sisters, must be placed to their account.

In this passage our Positivist condenses and repeats just what the advocates of the woman movement have urged from the beginning. They have contended that woman was not made to be either a doll or a drudge; that the present state of society is as injurious to the rich and idle as it is unjust to the poor and overworked; that not until all women are made to feel their dignity and responsibility as independent human beings equal with all other citizens before the law, and that while all the prizes and honors of the world are open to them it is a disgrace for any woman to live in idleness and compel others to obey her every whim and bear her every gust of ill-temper and impatience, will the idleness he complains of be done away with and domestic service made honorable. Women are as capable of working as men, and will work as readily and as hard as men when the fields of competitive industry are fairly opened to them and they are protected by the law in their persons and their earnings. The more departments of industry are opened to women, and the more women are trained to earn their support and find their independence and their happiness in honorable labor, the fewer unhappy marriages and miserable homes shall we have, and the less social vice; and when our well-to-do women find that domestics are not dependent upon their caprices, and not obliged to bear their insults and abuse, they will begin to show better manners to their "help," and domestic service will begin to be respected and honorable. The Positivist way of reform is singularly shortsighted and unphilosophical. It cries, "Give us apples; none of your scrubbing, and washing, and pruning; these things are tedious and make dirty work; only give us a harvest of apples; that is all we want." The advocates of the woman movement want apples no less than our Positivist friends; but with a sounder philosophy and a more practical method they set themselves to invigorate the roots of the trees, and enrich the orchard soil, and scrape, and trim, and cultivate until the harvest comes.

WHAT ONE WOMAN CAN DO.

We are constantly receiving letters from remote hamlets and by-places off the railroads, where there are a few scattered believers in woman's rights, who most earnestly desire to see their doctrines propagated among neighbors, either hostile or indifferent to the whole subject.

They make urgent demands for lecturers to come among them, and no doubt a band of zealous woman's rights missionaries ready to undertake hard work, and content with small pay, could, by pervading country districts, and out of the way villages, speaking in school-houses and town halls, or even in private dwellings, finding out who the wide-awake progressive women of the place were, and helping them to organize local working suffrage societies, do a vast amount of good.

Admitting the difficulty of practically carrying out this scheme, there is still a great work which the women of such places can do for themselves, and for each other. Every woman who thinks and investigates may, if she tries, become a centre of influence to the community where she lives. She can inoculate her neighbors with the new truth, and hold meetings weekly or fortnightly, at her own house, for the discussion of all the great questions connected with the elevation of woman. She can subscribe to a woman's paper and send it around among her friends, making it act as a powerful leaven to nearly all the people she knows. She can raise a little money and send it to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, at Washington, D. C., for tracts to supply her logic battery with ammunition. More than this; she can circulate a suffrage petition, and use her best efforts, getting others to help, to secure signatures.

We know of individual women who have done all these things, and more than these; have, in fact, wound up whole villages and towns, and set them ticking to the tune of woman's rights.

Wherever there is a live woman there is opportunity to work. She can, in a little drowsy village where life is liable to stagnate, create a wholesome breeze, which shall extend the horizon of her neighbors' lives beyond washing day and baking day—beyond scrubbing and scouring, cooking, nursing—beyond gossip and tittle-tattle. If a woman thinks, it is her duty to try and make her neighbor think, too; if the neighbor is bitterly opposed, that is the very reason why she should work the harder. A great point is gained when you can persuade a prejudiced neighbor to read a woman's rights paper or tract. There are thousands of people who would almost as soon touch poison as to read such a document, but when they have once read they never stand exactly as they did before.

So we would say to all women who live one side of the great channels of thought, and cannot often be galvanized by conventions and lecturers, don't sit down and fold your hands. Personal influence must do a great deal of this work. See to it that you sow and dress and water the little vineyard that has been given you. If you have got the light of progress in your lamp don't hide it under a bushel, but make it a free gift to all within your reach.

THE COMING MAN.

Gail Hamilton has made her caustic wit into a scourge for the backs of her sisters. By a series of articles which have attracted much attention, but as we believe, have done little if any good, she has endeavored to make women feel that they are incompetent, unreliable, and destitute of the capacity to excel in few if any of the fields of labor which men have heretofore monopolized.

It certainly seems a pity that the brilliant woman who has herself so well illustrated what a woman can do, if she makes good use of her brains, should, after performing yeoman's service in aid of her sex, turn round and expend the last shot in her locker at women themselves.

The women of the country could have borne a large amount of criticism, and might have profited by having their shortcomings firmly but kindly pointed out, but Gail has thrown away her opportunity to instruct her sex by discouraging all effort, and claiming the woman is never so beautiful, so natural, so thoroughly in her sphere as when she appears in the character of an idler and dependent on man's bounty.

So long as Gail used her lash on the incapacity and want of thoroughness exhibited by some women, no reasonable person could complain, but when she draws the unwarrantable and hasty inference from a few facts, that women, as a class, are disqualified by nature for business, and had better settle down in the old ruts and eat any crust that is generously or grudgingly flung to them, then we could have wished she had remained silent rather than have attempted to darken counsel on the woman question with words.

Suppose your seamstress lies, your cook drinks, and your chambermaid steals, and your laundress uses washing soda on the sly, Tom, and Dick, and Harry, your butcher, and baker, and candle-stick maker are all up to the same tricks, only they operate on a larger scale. But we do not pretend that the incompetency, mendacity, or knavery of women can be excused by the same qualities in men. Two wrongs or twenty, never yet made a right. Women with poor teaching and little experience, often fail it is true; men with the best teaching the world affords, and an inheritance of skill fail as well. In these first feeble efforts women are making to walk alone in the thorny paths of business and labor, it is cruel to adduce no reason for failure save that of incapacity.

Women need to be taught, but they do not need to be brow beaten and dragooned. Their way is already over too many quickset hedges and ditches of difficulty to render the latter method in any manner useful. This cause is not, in its largest sense, for heiresses and rich men's wives and daughters. We acknowledge the æsthetic charms of Gail's queen; we love the graceful, the beautiful—all the daintiness and refinement that leisure and elegant ease throw around a favored class. We look through the society park palings and see them there, those lovely visions in shimmery silks and costly laces, with white do-nothing hands, but we are outside among the masses of women who toil and strive, and an inextinguishable pity fills our soul for these who do man's work and get woman's pay; for these who support drunken, besotted husbands, and cannot call their hard won pittance their own; for these who are striving to gain an education outside of bolted college doors, while the rich of their own sex endow male theological seminaries, and send missionaries to China. How can a woman's heart beat in a woman's bosom while her hand puts one pebble in the way of a struggling sister's advancement?

Women as men stand in great need of business conscience, fidelity, and thoroughness in work. We hear it said, that in the various trades they undertake to master, they are less ambitious than men, and less greedy to make money.

The idea that marriage is the only end and aim of woman's existence, which has been beaten into her skull through so many generations, still exerts its baleful influence, even in sections like New England where there are three or four women to one man, and where large numbers of the sex must of necessity remain unwedded. Girls, who are forced upon their own exertions for a livelihood, go into printing-offices, and manufactories with the design of tiding over a limited period of time, and if they can earn enough for a bare support they are satisfied. The shadow of the coming man is over them. They mean to get married, throw up their trade, and lean on some male supporter. It is not worth while for them to become skilled in any branch of business, for business is only an interlude in their experience. Somebody in the future is going to take care of the bread and butter question for them, it is not worth while, under these circumstances, for a woman to put forth her best powers in fitting herself for a life-work, for this she believes is not to be her life-work.

It is the old, pestiferous heresy, that a woman is never thoroughly respectable and decent until she depends on some man for support, which we feel lies at the root of woman's want of efficiency in business and trade. Make the class of working-women realize that a thorough qualification to earn a livelihood will be of as much use to them in the condition of wife as maid, and all the latent energies in woman's nature would at once become active. We will grant that there is a period in a woman's marital experience when the bearing and rearing of children make her, and rightfully too, dependent on the man. But outside of that there are ordinarily, years of life when she is at liberty to practice any skilled work for which she is qualified. Why should John, the hod-carrier, toil ten hours a day in the sun at the most arduous labor, to keep Mrs. John in idleness? A woman's ambition has heretofore been to give up work the moment the marriage knot was tied. We believe the woman of the future will aim to make herself, at least to a degree, independent in whatever condition she may be placed, and incidental to this must come education and that growth of character, that elevation of labor itself, which compels thoroughness. Women when they compete with men, who have an immense advantage, must take a tremendous grip on resolution, must bend themselves to irksome drudgery as men do to acquire skill.

As an example of the paralysis of energy and ambition, the coming husband constantly occasions, may be cited a little story which was told us by a lady, who has had more experience in practical efforts for improving the conditions of her toiling sisters than any woman we know. Many years ago this lady started a newspaper in a neighboring city, to advocate the work and wages reform. She made the laudable determination that all the mechanical as well as mental work upon her journal should be performed by women. At that time there were few, if any women compositors, and at great expense and trouble she gathered a band of women, and had them taught by a male workman, who she was forced to import from a distance, as the prejudice against her scheme was bitter. After a few months experience, she found that her employees were satisfied with a low grade of efficiency, and comparatively small pay. If they earned a dollar and a half a day they were then ready to abandon work, and their want of thoroughness involving a vast number of typographical errors in the paper, was a source of constant mortification and annoyance to the kind and zealous employer.

Therefore, one day, she made an appeal to the most intelligent of her compositors, a woman who had been a teacher in former times.

"Why don't you," inquired she, "try to thoroughly master your trade. If you felt some business pride, and tried to excel, you might lay up money and provide for a rainy day."

"What's the use," replied the other, "I don't always expect to follow this business."

"But what have you to depend on; as I understand, you have neither friends nor relations who are able to support you."

"No; but I expect to get married some time or other."

"Oh! then there is some one paying attention to you; you are engaged, perhaps?"

"No, not yet, but any woman can find a man to marry her."

"Don't lean on that hope," said her wise counsellor, "for it is but a broken reed. The right man may never come along, and if you have good lucrative trade to trust to, you are secure of an independence."

However, the compositor would not be warned, she never mastered her business, and after a time the paper changed hands and she passed out of view of the woman who had striven so earnestly to do her good.

A few years later, the Governor of Colorado set on foot a scheme to import women laborers into his new territory, which was sadly in need of cooks and housekeepers. This lady philanthropist, who was always at work in some direction or other for the benefit of women, opened an office in her own city to receive applications from those wishing to take advantage of this plan of emigration. Two or three thousand names were recorded in a short time, and the larger part, perhaps, of these women were totally unfitted to do any sort of work thoroughly well. Although the Governor of the far away territory had distinctly stated that he did not propose to import wives, but domestic servants, most of them evidently regarded the enterprise as a grand and beneficent scheme for providing incompetent women with husbands.

One day a female, old, haggard, and blind entered the office, and approaching the lady in attendance, said, "Don't you know me? I am Miss —— who used to work in your printing-office." It was the woman who had neglected to acquire a thorough knowledge of her trade, because she expected some day to mar-

ry. She had been obliged to have recourse to sewing for a livelihood, and had ruined her eyesight.

"So the man never came along?" said the philanthropist.

"No; and I see my folly now in not taking your advice and thoroughly learning my trade."

"What can you do in Colorado," inquired her former employer, when she had made the request to be sent out there.

She could do little or nothing in the way of work, but she might—get married; the fatal delusion she still hugged to her heart in blindness and decrepitude.

Let women, especially in our older civilization, learn that where they exceed the other sex by two to one, the man cannot come along save to a portion of the marriageable girls of the community; let them learn that freedom for any class of women can only come through pecuniary independence; let them be trained to know that common honesty and integrity demand in them the same business thoroughness and rectitude that secure success for the best business man, and the coming man will cease to be a blight and mildew on female labor.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

The Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention, which convened at San Francisco on the 16th of May, was, if we mistake not, the largest and most important meeting of the kind ever held west of the Rocky Mountains.

There were present over one hundred delegates from the various large and small societies which flourish in those far-western States and territories, and the interest of the occasion appears to have been sustained considerably beyond the point at which, in our Eastern conventions, we think it wise to test the endurance of the public. Seven business meetings were held, and three large evening sessions devoted exclusively to addresses. A vast amount of future work was laid out, in twenty-three resolutions, which the Convention adopted, and the speeches, we are informed by Mrs. Pitts Stevens' *Pioneer*, were numerous and of good quality.

Many sympathetic and congratulatory letters were received from the friends of Woman Suffrage, both at home and abroad, and constituted a very interesting feature of the occasion.

Frances Power Cobbe wrote from England:

"It is truly inspiring to find how our cause is gaining friends and winning interest all over the world, and I most heartily wish success to your labors in California."

Miss Nightingale wrote some words from London which have the true ring to them, and if women but take them to heart they will further their advancement in the field of labor immeasurably. She said:

"Let women show how well they can perform the duties of a post, profession, or privilege, hitherto considered as man's alone, and men will not long deny women their 'rights.' Above all, let women show that they can acquire and practice those business habits, in doing the business of God and the world, which alone can secure men's success in the professions of men. Let not women think they require less cultivation, less assiduous perseverance, than have distinguished all men who have succeeded."

We give below two resolutions which point to new organizations in the future, indicating some of the balls which the wide-awake women of the Pacific Slope propose to set in motion during the ensuing year:

"*Resolved*, That a Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Committee be raised, whose headquarters shall be in San Francisco, to which shall be committed the duty of organizing a Woman Suffrage Society, which shall embrace the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. To this end, it is empowered to correspond with individual societies, and in those where no active, working woman suffrage association exists, to appoint associate committees to assist in thoroughly organizing the movement therein, and that the Board of Control of the California Woman Suffrage Association be and hereby is requested to act as such executive committee, and to call a Pacific Slope Suffrage Convention in San Francisco at any time in its judgment most suitable, in the year 1872, with full power to fix an equitable rate of representation for the formation of a Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Society.

"*Resolved*, That the Pacific Slope Executive Committee is instructed to promptly request the officers of the Union Woman Suffrage Society, whose business office is in the City of New York, to issue a call for a National Woman Suffrage Convention, to be held in the city of Washington, D. C., either in December or January next, to be composed of delegates from the States and Territories of the American government, for the purpose of organizing a United States Woman's Suffrage Association, but in the event of its neglect or refusal to promptly act in this matter, the Executive Committee is instructed to correspond with the Societies and leading friends of the movement throughout the country, and unite with those favorable, in a call for a Convention in Washington, as above, which shall have for its sole object the political enfranchisement of the women of the nation."

Miss Anthony's visit to the new Eldorado is hailed in an appropriate resolution. If our California friends needed galvanizing (they don't—but if they did) Miss Anthony would be exactly the person to perform that service. We are glad she is going to find the mind and heart of the Pacific friends thoroughly warmed up by the fruitful Convention just held; so that all she will have to do will be to add fuel to the flame.

Bronson Alcott, the seer of Concord, declares that our future art, science, philosophy, and religion are to come from the West, and it looks now, with the Pacific Slope Convention to accentuate the prophecy, as if human justice and freedom would steal a march on us out there, leading the far away Pacific States to be the first to emancipate their women citizens.

Book Table.

NOONDAY EXIGENCIES IN AMERICA, with an appendix, to be read in advance of the text, in the perusal of these pages, by all such inattentive persons as may have been, some years ago, in the habit of reading with eyes askant. By Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, author of "The Impending Crisis of the South," "M. Jonque," "The Negroes in Negroland," and other writings, (all consistent and harmonious with each other), in behalf of freer, whiter and higher civilization in the new world. Truth, though as old as time itself, is also a thing of new growth; and new truths, having their birth in the exquisite twitchings of mental labor, are the most precious and immortal of all new born babes. Schiller, New York Bible Brothers, publishers, 73 Bleecker street. 1871.

This book, with the voluminous title-page, should have been dedicated, not (to judge from the spirit that pervades its pages) to the mind and the muscle and to morals of America, as now in dread of the mastery of money, but to the *white* mind, muscle and morals, as the author is evidently dangerously ill of negrophobia, and forgetting that, as Darwin shows, "from such his ancestors may have sprung," looks upon the negro as a very ill-conditioned and inferior beast indeed.

The essays contained in this book are the necessity for the foundation, and suggestions for some of the bases of a new political party—the unwisdom and futility of political warfare against nature—and paleontology. The two first of these are consistent in their endeavor to show that the presence of the negro in this country, and his participation in the government, is fraught with evil to the higher race. Starting from false premises, and twisting his facts to suit his theories, his arguments are not very convincing to those unblinded by prejudice, or unswayed by party teaching. There are many assertions made in these two essays that we regret the time and space at our command will not allow us to dwell more particularly upon, and to review at greater length. What the third essay, "Paleontology," which may be called the science of fossil remains, has to do with the noonday exigencies of America, we are at a loss to conceive, unless the author intends to favor us with another, at some future day, on political fossils, and so gently prepares the public mind.

Miscellany.

MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

The lately revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly-wedded couple for luck is a very old one. In the Isle of Man the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes, but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere, upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honeymoon trip. In some parts of Kent the shoe-throwing does not take place until after they have gone, when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practiced, too, in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be a rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among her guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being destined to be speedily married and settled. In England, the bride, from between the sheets, threw her left stocking over the shoulder of one of the company, the person upon whom it fell being marked out as the next individual to be married. In some places the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of hot water down the door-steps as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being that, before the water dries up, another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedded couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia, the method adopted of invoking blessings on a newly married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which they were domiciled.—*Chambers' Journal.*

I HAVE learned what a sin is against an infinite imperishable being, such as is the soul of man.—*Coleridge.*

The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name shought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

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Brooklyn, No. 11 Fulton Street, near Fulton Ferry.

All Letters should be addressed to

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Special Notices.

WHEN a gentleman asked a celebrated divine the other day how long he had been in preparing a certain sermon, in which he had displayed even more than his great average ability, the reply was, "A life-time, sir!" So if any one were to ask Helmbold, the celebrated New York druggist, how long he had been in building up and perfecting that admirable system of advertising which has made him, beyond all question, the peer of the merchant princes, he might, with propriety, reply by pointing to the long years that have elapsed since, as a beginner in life, he first invested his gain in the columns of the newspaper press, with a confidence that, like bread cast upon the waters, the returns would be both ample and sure. And, while yet a young man, Helmbold finds himself a millionaire, with a business upon his hands which, despite all the contingencies of trade, is constantly increasing. How much of this success is due to the liberal and extended system of advertising, of which this gentleman is the most prominent representative, is not difficult to ascertain, and is the the best argument in vindication of a system which, it is due to say, is every day gaining ground among the live and enterprising business men of the country.

Helmbold's drug store, No. 594 Broadway, New York city, is in all respects a model establisment, and is pronounced by all who have visited it the finest on the continent. Among the specialities which Helmbold has placed before the public are his now famous Fluid Extracts—Buchu and Sarsaparilla. These fluid extracts have been endorsed by the medical faculty, and are quite generally used by physicians in their private practice. They are, therefore, *genuine* preparations, and as such are entitled to the public confidence. Buchu has long been pronounced by physicians one of the best diuretics known to science, and as compounded in Helmbold's Extract is doubtless the best specific for those affections for which it is recommended.

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—In Berlin there is a Ladies' Educational Association named the Victoria Lyceum. It was organized by a Miss Archer, a Scotch woman. It is under the patronage of the Crown Princess of Prussia. A correspondent says: "Many young married ladies attend the winter courses—even many elderly ladies; and I believe a good many foreigners—American ladies especially."

THE TERRIFIC DUEL BETWEEN PRUSSIA AND France is over, but thousands of battles between Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters and dyspepsia and liver complaint are now going on in every State of the Union. The issue of such contests is *never for one moment in doubt*. The conflict may last longer in some cases than in others, but the Leading Vegetable Tonic and Alterative of the nineteenth century invariably triumphs.

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One bottle of Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists, and a wine glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon diet drink, a delightful and healthful beverage.

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Helmbold's Grape Juice Pill is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation,

SAFE FOR AND TAKEN BY CHILDREN;
NO NAUSEA, NO GRIPING PAINS,
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THE CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing.

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Is perfectly safe.

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Soothes the Child.

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Gives rest to the Child.

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